Numb 108.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?

From Monday March 20, to Wednesday March 22, 1710.

Rosella's Day.

I Have received very loud Complaints of Irregularities ſtill practis'd, notwithſtanding all the Care we *Female* Moraliſts take to root them out of Humane kind: *Clidamira* ſtill invites and is denied; *Lesbia* continues Devout and Implacable, and *Fulvia* has encouraged a new Lover to expoſe himſelf to her Scorn; but what more nearly afflicts me, is, that yeſterday hearing a Young Lady give a looſe to Invention, and amuze the Company for ſome time, with that Art which is vulgarly called *Lying*, I took the Occaſion to obſerve how careful we ought to be of reporting Improbabilities, if we wou'd be thought tollerably of our ſelves; what conſtant Graces accompanied Truth, and how eaſily we were perſwaded to believe all other Virtues were eſtabliſh'd in that Mind where we found unſhaken Veracity. The Young Lady confeſs'd by a Bluſh ſhe underſtood me, and watch'd her Opportunity to retire with me to the Window, when finding our ſelves unobſerv'd, *Why really, Madam*, ſays ſhe, *I am convinced of my Error, and yet I'll produce you a great Authority for this Latitude of Diſcourſe.* Here ſhe took *Saturdays* Tatler out of her Pocket, and ſhew'd me where *'Squire Bickerſtaff* joyns with Old *Homer*, not only to excuſe but to recommend a Lye; a Lye twice told: I could ſcarce believe my Eyes, to ſee a Crime paſſum'd upon us for a Moral: *Juno* partially ſeeks the Deſtruction of the *Trojans*, and that ſhe may gain *Jupiter* to her purpoſe, deceives *Venus* out of the *Ceſtos*, inſpires *Jupiter* with indecent Ardour, and gains her Ends. Here's Revenge, Subtlety, Falſhood, and a Fault not proper for me to explain to you, propos'd for Imitation; but lay it by, you will be never the worſe if you ſhou'd wholly forget it; Sincerity is an Armour never to be left off on any pretence whatſoever, leſt unregarded Virtue receive ſuch Injury as can never be retrieved thro' a long Life. What is not convenient to own let me conceal by prudent Silence, not Diſſemble with unneceſſary Fraud, and however Merry *Lies* may Divert for an Hour, they ſeldom eſcape the Cenſure even of thoſe that Laugh moſt at them; 'tis a deſpicable Pleaſure we take in ſuch Converſation, and we are aſham'd and angry with our ſelves that one Scene of our Face ſhou'd have encourag'd it. I have known many we ſhou'd have Eſteem'd and Lov'd, had they not claim'd both by a feign'd Geneology from ſome great Family, and a tedious Account of their Generous Education, which only ſerv'd to awake our Curioſity to trace them to their Primitive Dunghil, and there leave them with deſerv'd Contempt. 'Tis ſtrange to hear how far this Vice will carry its Proſelytes; I knew a Merchant reputed worth Fifty Thouſand Pound, that to heighten his Induſtry in getting ſo large an Eſtate, us'd to exerciſe his Invention perpetually in aggrivating the Poverty he roſe from, whilſt ſome are vain on the Perfections they never had; others boaſt the Vices they have not had Opportunity to act. *Delia* is bad enough in any account, but infinitely blackeſt in her own, Ambitious of the firſt place in Iniquity, ſhe relates of herſelf incredible Abominations, which, if true, were a Scandal to the Age in being paſſed unpuniſh'd: But this good uſe ſhe ſerves to, Vice appears in her ſo loathſome, that to Converſe with her a Day makes a Convert. But I muſt quit this Topick, and do Juſtice to a Correſpondent, from whom we received this Epiſtle.

Ladies,

'SINCE your *Female* Advices have ſo great Succeſs, at once diverting and improving all that read them, we deſire you wou'd Aid us in the reclaiming a miſtaken *Mortal*, whom Proſperity has ruined, and good Fortune betray'd to follow thoſe Errors which in an humble State of Life he was happily Ignorant of. Whilſt he liv'd by his Induſtry, there was not an Honeſter Man in *Suffolk-ſtreet*; but being exalted to a Lieutenant, he affects all the Wickedneſs which he fancies belongs to it, and vies in Guilt the oldeſt Practitioner among them; he deſpiſes his Wife, keeps a Miſtreſs, forgets his Friends, Laughs at Religion, and is hurrying on to the laſt Infamy, if not warn'd by your timely Council, which will in the higheſt Degree oblige your moſt Humble Servants,

J. J. H.

In hopes this Officer, guided by Chance or Fate, may caſt an Eye on theſe well meant Lines, I ſhall take the Liberty to add, that where Proſperity proves not a Bleſſing, 'tis the moſt Emphatical Curſe, for it qualifies a Man to perform his worſt Deſigns, and at the ſame time leaves him without excuſe for his Guilt: In Adverſity a Man is aw'd and acts by Conſtraint, but in Proſperity on Choice, then he reveals himſelf and ſhows the Angel or the Fiend at large; 'tis the infallible Mark of a Corrupt Mind to grow worſe, when mov'd by the greateſt and moſt powerful Reaſons to be better, and very rarely eſcapes a viſible Juſtice: Therefore let the Lieutenant take Care that his Life be mended, or long Diſgrace will ſucceed his ſhort liv'd Honour. I have been often importun'd to try my

Skill

Skill in adviſing *Sonoria* to obſerve half an Hours Silence every Day, for the Relief of her Family, who, like the Mortals condemn'd to dwell near the Banks of *Nile*, are Deaf with the continual Sound of her Complaints. Call what Hour of the Day you pleaſe, you ſhall find *Sonoria* in a Paſſion, her Husband is ever in the wrong; She has the moſt provoking Children and the worſt Servants in the World; ſhe ordered her Head to be dreſs'd with two Wires, and the Milliner has ſent it Home with but one. *Cithrone*, the Dear Animal, is loſt, and not one Creature in the Houſe ſeems inclin'd to go Diſtracted, every thing contributes to her Sorrows; her Chocolate is made too ſweet in the Morning, and ſhe waits two Minutes and a half longer than ſhe deſign'd for her Tea in the Afternooon. What can I ſay to ſuch an Unfortunate, is it in the Power of Language to aſſwage ſuch Griefs? No, I decline the fruitleſs Attempt, and agree with *Sonoria*, that ſhe is the moſt Miſerable of of Humane Race; that there are but few can vie with her in Wretchedneſs, and none more unhappy but her Demeſticks, Friends or Relations that are confin'd to bear with her.

Ocyroe did me the Honour of a Viſit this Afternoon, *Ocyroe* far gone in Learning and intimate with the Claſſick Authors, who advances nothing without a Quotation, and ſtrengthens all ſhe ſays with a *Latin* Sentence, wonders at the Idleneſs of the Clergy, who have in a manner baniſh'd from the Pulpit what is ſuperior to the Underſtandings of the Multitude, and holds nothing Orthodox that is not Incomprehenſible; pitties all her Sex that are bred up in *Engliſh*, and maintains the *Latin* Grammar to be the Original of all Arts and Sciences; who knows not, that knows nothing, according to *Ocyroe*, 'twas well for me I was not expected to Anſwer, or I ſhou'd have been at a loſs to have match'd her Style: She talk'd of a Parentheſis in the Weather, of the Priviledge of Ratiocination, of the Pleaſure of diſcuſſing a Problem, and the Procacity of Ignorance. To all this I ſmil'd, and bow'd ſo *a propos*, that ſhe left me greatly ſatisfy'd with my Natural Capacity, and confirm'd, that I wanted nothing but the Languages to render me the boaſt of my Family. This Lady now lives in Defiance of Modern Goſſiping, the Intrigues of Old *Rome* employ her Memory altogether; 'tis not what Lady *Credulous* and Lord *Plauſible* does that concerns her, but whether *Ovid* and *Julia* were as great as ſome Authors have inſinuated to Poſterity. But I leave her to her belov'd Antiquities, and proceed to conſider the following Epiſtle.

To the Ingenious Siſters.

Ladies,

'THE inclos'd was written *Extempore* on the unequal'd Impoſition of the Lead Adventure, that Fairy Treaſure which enrich'd ſo many Imaginations and ruined their Families; how many Nobles in Conceit a few Years ago, are now ſuing for Power to withdarw their Claim to exceſſive Wealth, being content to be reduced to a Competency, if they may eſcape ſo. A Dyer, that out of his Gains had contriv'd to make his Son an Alderman, and Marry his Daughter to an Earl, if he can but ſave what will keep them out of the Habit of Charity, reſolves to bleſs the Senate, and not remember his Diſappointment. A Maiden Lady of Fourty Two, that depending on her vaſt Riches from this immenſe Diſcovery, treated her Lovers with ſevere Diſdain, and looking upon thoſe Offers that ſeem'd agreeable to her preſent Circumſtances, to be infinitely below her future, had rejected all with Scorn, is now willing to compound for as much as will put her to a Quiſter, and enable her to perſwade any one of the ſaid Lovers to return. The Lines were printed before by what Chance I know not; but mangled and faulty, which is the Reaſon I ſend them to be inſerted more Correct; take Care of them, and you will oblige

Yours, &c.

Say, Muſe, how guilty Lack-worth *came ſo great,*
Bred up in Villany and form'd to Cheat;
More Faults he has than I'll pretend to tell,
But what's his Maſter-piece was hatch'd in Hell:
His Curſt Addreſs, where all himſelf appears,
With which he bought the Knighthood that he wears;
Next this State Quack muſt get and Cheat a Wife,
To fill his Coffers and to crown his Life;
He tells her, that the King is more than kind,
Some great Employment is for him deſign'd;
And then a Lord or Duke he ſhall be made,
Fond to be Great, thus grately She's betray'd;
The Mine Adventure *next appears in View,*
What Crouds of Fools into that Mine *he threw;*
Tho' then or ſince he ne'er was on the ſpot,
Yet cou'd cut out to every one their Lot,
Thrice Sixty Thouſand Pounds by't he has got:
Beſides, what by his Coals he makes a Year,
Transfers and Ways that do not yet appear.

And did this Mortal Dream he cou'd not be,
Call'd to Account by Law or Equity;
Yes, there's a Parliament will give Relief,
Whoſe awful Power can reach the ſubtleſt Thief;
Shou'd that have fail'd, yet there was one way more,
To have made him what he had baſely got, reſtore:
Shou'd any rob me thus but of one Groat,
He ſhou'd repay it, or I'd —— ——
But ſtay my Muſe, *his Crimes no farther trace,*
To Juſt Applauſe let Satyr here give place;
He has done whate'er a Mortal Genius can,
And far out-ſoar'd the higheſt reach of Man.
Now let none doubt Philoſophers of Old,
That did tranſmute baſe Mettals into Gold,
When this renown'd Adept *performs much more,*
And into pureſt Coin tranſmutes the name of Ore.

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